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vol 84

# BONDUCA.

Written by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

With ALTERATIONS.

by [unclear]  
THE THIRD EDITION.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

R O N D U C A

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# BONDUCA.

A TRAGEDY,

Written by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. *K*

*With* ALTERATIONS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL  
IN THE  
HAYMARKET.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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LONDON,  
*Printed by T. Sherlock,*  
For T. CADELL, in the Strand.

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MDCCLXXVIII.

BONDUC A.

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# P R O L O G U E.

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

**T**O *modern* Britons let the old appear  
This night, to rouse 'em for this anxious year:  
To raise that Spirit, which of yore when rais'd,  
Made even Romans tremble, while they prais'd;  
To rouse that Spirit, which thro' every age  
Has wak'd the lyre, and warm'd th' Historian's page:  
That dauntless Spirit, which on Cressy's plain  
Rush'd from the heart, thro' every British vein:  
Nerv'd ev'ry arm the numerous host to dare,  
Whilst Edward's valour shone the guiding star, }  
Whose beams dispers'd the darkness of Despair.  
Whate'er the craft, or number of the foes,  
Ever from danger Britain's glory rose;  
To the mind's-eye let the *fifth* Harry rise,  
And in that vision, boasting France despise;  
Then turn to later deeds your Sires have wrought,  
When Anna rul'd! and mighty Marlborough fought!

Shall Chatham die, and be forgot?—O! no:  
Warm from its source, let grateful Sorrow flow;  
His matchless ardour fir'd each fear-struck mind,  
His genius soar'd, when Britons droop'd, and pin'd;  
Whilst each *State Atlas*, sunk beneath the load,  
His heart unhook, with Patriot Virtue glow'd;  
Like

## P R O L O G U E.

Like Hercules, he freed 'em from the weight,  
 And on his shoulders fix'd the tottering State!  
 His strength, the monsters of the land defied,  
 To raise his Country's glory was his pride,  
 And for her service, as he liv'd,—he died!

O! for his pow'rs, those feelings to impart,  
 Which rous'd to action every drooping heart,  
 Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,  
 And all the Nation cries,—To arms! to arms!  
 Then would his native strength each Briton know,  
 And scorn the threats of an invading foe;  
 Hatching, and feeding every civil broil,  
 France looks with envy on our happy soil;  
 When Mischief's on the wing, she cries for War,  
 Insults Distress, and braves her Conqueror!  
 But Shakespear sung,—and well this land he knew,  
 O! hear his voice—"that nought shall make us rue,  
 "If England to *itself* do rest but true!"

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*T*HE Play, now submitted to the Publick, contains scarce any Variations from the BONDUCA of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, except those arising from Omission and Transposition; each of which have in some places been hazarded, in order to accommodate it to the Modern Stage. The particular Alterations it is almost impossible to point out, but by a reference to the Original Authors; of whose Dramas a most elegant Edition has been very lately published.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CARATACH,	<i>Mr. Digges.</i>
HENGO,	<i>Master Edwin.</i>
NENNIUS,	<i>Mr. Usher.</i>
SUETONIUS,	<i>Mr. Gardner.</i>
PENIUS,	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
PETILLIUS,	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
JUNIUS,	<i>Mr. Lamash.</i>
DEMETRIUS,	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
DRUSIUS,	<i>Mr. Griffin.</i>
CURIUS,	<i>Mr. Egan.</i>
DECIUS,	<i>Mr. Davis.</i>
MACER,	<i>Mr. Massey.</i>
JUDAS,	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
	{ <i>Mr. Stevens.</i>
	{ <i>Mr. Kenny.</i>
	{ <i>Mr. Painter.</i>
SOLDIERS,	
BONDUCA,	<i>Miss Sherry.</i>
FIRST DAUGHTER,	<i>Mrs. Massey.</i>
SECOND DAUGHTER,	<i>Mrs. Greville.</i>

DRUIDS, SOLDIERS, ATTENDANTS, &c.

The MUSICK by PURCELL.

SCENE, BRITAIN.



# BONDUCA.

---

## A C T I.

*The Roman Camp.*

*Enter Junius and Petillius.*

*Petillius.*

**W**HAT ail'st thou, man! dost thou want  
meat?

*Jun.* No.

*Pet.* Cloaths?

*Jun.* Neither. For Heav'n's love, leave me!

*Pet.* Drink?

*Jun.* You tire me.

*Pet.* Come, it is drink; for what affliction  
Can light so heavy on a soldier,  
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?  
Thou shalt have drink.

B

*Jun.*

*Jun.* Prithee, Petillius——

*Pet.* And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant drink !

I see as fair as day, that thou want'st drink :  
Did I not find thee gaping, like an oyster  
For a new tide ? Thy very thoughts lie bare,  
Like a low ebb ; thy soul, that rid in sack,  
Lies in oor'd for want of liquor ;  
And all thy body's chap'd and crack'd like timber,  
For want of moisture : What canst thou want, but  
drink ?

*Jun.* You have too much on't.

*Pet.* It may be, a wench too ; say it be ; come, soldier,  
Thou shalt have both : a pretty valiant fellow,  
Die for a little lap and roguery ?

Hear, thou noble Roman,

The son of her that loves a soldier,

Hear what I promis'd for thee, when thy mother  
Sent thee to fight in Britain. Thus I said :

“ Lady, I take thy son to my companion ;

“ Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,

“ The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,

“ Which is the field of Mars, the camp of Venus ;

“ These two beget commanders : Fear not, lady ;

“ Thy son shall lead.”

*Jun.* 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,  
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth  
Can master your affections.

*Pet.* Any mirth,

And any way, of any subject, Junius,  
Is better than unmanly mustiness.

What harm's in drink ? in a good wholesome wench,

I do beseech you, Sir, what error ? Yet

It cannot out of my head handsomely,

But thou wouldst fain be drunk ; come, no more  
fooling ;

The general has new wine, new come over.

*Jun.* He must have new acquaintance for it too,  
For I will none, I thank ye.

*Pet.*

*Pet.* "None, I thank you?"

A short and touchy answer! "None, I thank you?"  
No company, no drink, no wench, "I thank you?"  
You shall be worse entreated, Sir.

*Jun.* Petillius,  
As thou art honest, leave me!

*Pet.* Yes; I will leave you, Junius,  
And leave you to the boys, that very shortly  
Shall all salute you, by your new surname  
Of Junius "None I thank you." I have found you,  
Your lays, and out-leaps! You're in love, I know it;  
You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it;  
A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it;  
A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

*Enter Judas and three Soldiers.*

*Judas.* A bean? a princely diet, a full banquet,  
To what we compass.

*Pet.* What ail these rascals?

*1 Sold.* If this hold, we're starv'd.

*Judas.* For my part, friends,  
Which is but twenty beans a-day, (a hard world  
For officers, and men of action!)  
For mine own part, I say, I'm starv'd already.

*2 Sold.* I'll fight no more.

*Pet.* You'll hang then!

Ye dogs' heads in the porridge-pot! ye fight no more?  
Does Rome depend upon your resolution  
For eating mouldy pie-crust?

*3 Sold.* 'Would we had it!

*Judas.* I may do service, captain.

*Pet.* In a fish-market.

You, corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting  
Profit the commonwealth? d'you hope to triumph?  
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobler,  
Clap a new soal to th' kingdom? 'Sdeath, ye dog-  
whelps,

You fight, or not fight?

*Judas.* Captain!

*Pet.* Out, ye flesh-flies!  
How long is't since thou eat'st last? Wipe thy mouth,  
And then tell truth.

*Judas.* I have not eat to th' purpose ——

*Pet.* “To th' purpose?” what's that? half a cow,  
and garlick?

Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not;  
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't;  
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your  
shoes, slaves;

Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant?  
Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves, if ye be valiant,  
“To the purpose?” Dost thou see that gentleman,  
That melancholy monsieur?

*Jun.* Pray you, Petillius!

*Pet.* He has not eat these three weeks.

*2 Sold.* H' has drunk the more then.

*Pet.* Nor drunk nor slept these two months.  
Urge him to th' point, he'll find you out a food  
That needs no teeth nor stomach; a strange furmity,  
Will feed you up as fat as hens i' th' foreheads,  
And make you fight like fichoks; to him!

*Judas.* Captain——

*Jun.* Do you long to have your throats cut?

*Pet.* See what mettle

It makes in him: Two meals more of this melancholy,  
And there lies the bold Briton, Caratach.

*Judas.* We do beseech you——

*Jun.* Out of my thoughts, ye slaves! your poor  
starv'd spirits

Can make me no oblations; else, oh, Love,  
Thou proudly-blind destruction, I would send thee  
Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows!

*Judas.* Alas, he lives by love, Sir. [*Exit Junius,*

*Pet.* So he does, Sir;

Fall but in love now, as ye see example,  
There's so much charge sav'd, and your hunger's  
ended. [*Drum afar off.*

Away! I hear the general. Jog, and talk not!

[*Exeunt Judas, &c.*

*Enter*



*Enter (to Petillius) Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, and Soldiers.*

*Suet.* Demetrius, is the messenger dispatch'd  
To Penius, to command him to bring up  
The Volans regiment?

*Dem.* He is there by this time.

*Suet.* And are the horse well view'd we brought  
from Mona?

*Dec.* The troops are full and lusty.

*Suet.* Good Petillius,  
Look to those eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,  
And stop their throats a day or two: Provision  
Waits but the wind to reach us.

*Pet.* Sir, already  
I have been tampering with their stomachs, which  
I find

As deaf as adders to delays: Your clemency  
Hath made their murmurs, mutinies; nay, rebellions;  
Now, an they want but mustard, they're in uproars!  
This gave Bonduca time, and strength, and pride,  
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruins.

*Suet.* Nay, chide not, good Petillius! I confess  
My will to conquer Mona, and long stay  
To execute that will, let in these losses:  
All shall be right again; and as a pine  
Rent from Oeta by a sweeping tempest,  
Jointed again, and made a mast, defies  
Those angry winds that split him; so will I  
Steer thro' these swelling dangers, plow their prides up,  
And bear like thunder thro' their loudest tempests.  
They keep the field still?

*Dem.* Confident and full.

*Pet.* In such a number, one would swear they grew:  
They are so infinite, so ever-springing,  
We shall be kill'd with killing; of desperate women,  
That neither fear or shame found; say the men fail,  
They'll poison us with their petticoats; say they fail,  
They've priests enough to pray us into nothing.

*Suet.*

*Suet.* These are imaginations, dreams of nothing;  
The man that doubts or fears——

*Dec.* I'm free of both.

*Dem.* The self-same I.

*Pet.* And I as free as any;  
As careless of my flesh, of that we call life,  
So I may lose it nobly, as indifferent  
As if it were my diet.

*Suet.* Then no doubt  
The day must needs be ours. One single valour,  
The virtues of the valiant Caratach,  
More doubts me than all Britain: He's a soldier  
So forg'd out, and so temper'd for great actions,  
So fortunate in all, that his mere name  
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,  
To make him Roman: But no more. Petillius,  
How stands your charge?

*Pet.* Ready for all employments.

*Suet.* Tomorrow we'll draw out, and view the cohorts.  
Where's Junius?

*Pet.* In's cabin, most lamentably loving,  
To the tune of Queen Dido.

*Suet.* 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With  
what lady?

*Pet.* The devil's dam, Bonduca's Daughter,  
Her youngest, crack'd i'th' ring.

*Suet.* I'm sorry for him:  
But sure his own discretion will reclaim him;  
He must deserve our anger else. Good captains,  
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms  
Ye can, unto the soldiers; tell 'em, if now they  
conquer,  
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em;  
Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,  
And want for ever banish'd. Two days hence,  
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us!

[*Exeunt.*

*The British Camp.*

*Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Caratach, Hengo, Nennius, and Soldiers.*

*Bond.* The hardy Romans? Oh, ye gods of Britain,  
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!  
Shame, how they flee! Dare they send these to seek us,  
These Roman girls? is Britain grown so wanton?  
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius; and a woman,  
A woman beat 'em, Nennius.

*Car.* So it seems;  
A man would shame to talk so.

*Bond.* Who's that?

*Car.* I.

*Bond.* Cousin, d'you grieve my fortunes?

*Car.* No, Bonduca;  
If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes:  
You put too much wind to your sail; Discretion  
And hardy Valour are the twins of Honour,  
And, nurs'd together, make a conqueror;  
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,  
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;  
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady;  
But we that have been victors, beat ourselves  
When we insult upon our honour's subject.

*Bond.* My valiant cousin, is it foul to say  
What Liberty and Honour bid us do,  
And what the gods allow us?

*Car.* No, Bonduca;  
So what we say exceed not what we do.  
You call the Romans "fearful, fleeing Romans;"  
Does this become a doer? are they such?

*Bond.* They are no more.

*Car.* Where is your conquest then?  
Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers?  
The holy Druids now composing songs  
Of everlasting life to Victory?  
Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-game?

For

For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?  
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,  
Let's home and sleep!—Oh, Nennius,  
Thou hadst a noble uncle, knew a Roman,  
And how to speak him.

*Bond.* By the gods, I think  
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach!

*Car.* Witnests these wounds, I do; they were fairly  
giv'n!

I love an enemy: Yellow-tressed Hymen  
Ne'er crown'd a longing virgin with more joy,  
Than I am married to that man that wounds me:  
And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles  
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all Roman;  
Ten years of bitter nights, and heavy marches,  
(When many a frozen storm sung thro' my cuirass,  
And made it doubtful whether that or I  
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought thro',  
And all to try these Romans.

Have not I seen the Britons——

*Bond.* What?

*Car.* Dishearten'd,  
Run, run, Bonduca! not the quick rack swifter:  
I've seen these Britons, that you magnify,  
Run as they would have out-run Time, and roaring,  
Bafely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,  
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,  
Halted on crutches to 'em.

*Bond.* Oh, ye powers,  
What scandals do I suffer!

*Car.* Yes, Bonduca,  
I've seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;  
Yea, run apace, both; then when Penius  
(The Roman girl!) cut thro' your armed carts,  
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill.

*Nen.* And what did you then, Caratach?

*Car.* I fled too,  
But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then,  
Young Hengo there; he check'd me, Nennius:

For



For when your fears out-run him, then stept I,  
Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back  
I buckled him; behind him, my broad shield;  
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought  
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,  
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard  
Me speak of this, or even seen the child more;  
But that the son of Virtue, Penius,  
Seeing me steer thro' all these storms of danger,  
My helm still in my hand, he cried out nobly,  
"Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;  
"And let me meet thee once again in arms;  
"Then if thou stand'st, thou'rt mine." I took his  
offer,

And here I am to honour him.

*Bond.* Oh, cousin,  
From what a flight of honour hast thou check'd me!  
Yet, let me think we conquer'd.

*Car.* Do; but so think it, as we may be conquer'd:  
And where we have found virtue, tho' in those  
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.

*Bond.* No more; I see myself. Th' hast made me,  
cousin,  
More than my fortunes durst; for they abus'd me,  
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory:  
Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.

*Car.* Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.

*Bond.* Your reason? Is not peace the end of arms?

*Car.* Not where the cause implies a general  
conquest:

Had we a difference with some petty isle,  
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our landmarks,  
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;  
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,  
The liberty we hold as dear as life,  
And with those swords that know no end of battle,  
It must not be. No; as they are our foes,  
And those that must be so until we tire 'em;  
Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,

C

But

But for our ends our swords!

*Bond.* Caratach,  
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;  
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver.  
The Romans shall have worthy wars.

*Car.* They shall:  
And, little Sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,  
And when I see you able in a morning  
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,  
I'll tie you to a sword.

*Hengo.* And what then, uncle?

*Car.* Then you must kill, Sir, the next valiant  
Roman  
That calls you knave.

*Hengo.* And must I kill but one?

*Car.* An hundred, boy, I hope.

*Hengo.* I hope five hundred.

*Car.* That is a noble boy! Come, worthy lady,  
Let's to our several charges; and henceforth  
Allow an enemy both weight and worth. [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T II.

*The Tent of Penius.*

*Enter Penius, Regulus, and Macer.*

*Penius.*

**I** MUST come?

*Macer.* So the general commands, Sir.

*Pen.* But did he say, I *must* come?

*Macer.* So deliver'd.

*Pen.* How long is't, Regulus, since I commanded  
In Britain here?

*Reg.* About five years, great Penius.

*Pen.*

*Pen.* The general some five months. Are all my actions

So poor and lost, my services so barren,  
That I'm remember'd in no nobler language  
But *must* come up?

*Macer.* I do beseech you, Sir,  
Weigh but the time's estate.

*Pen.* Yes, good lieutenant,  
I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up?  
Am I turn'd bare centurion? I *must*, my language?

*Enter Curius.*

*Cur.* Penius, where lies the host?

*Pen.* Where Fate may find 'em.

*Cur.* Are they ingirt?

*Pen.* The battle's lost.

*Cur.* So soon?

*Pen.* No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won;  
The Britons must be victors. Tell the great general,  
My companies are no faggots to fill breaches;  
Myself no man that *must*, or *shall*, can carry. [*Exit.*

*Cur.* Pray gods this breed no mischief!

*Reg.* He's a brave fellow;  
And but a little hide his haughtiness,  
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes)  
He shews the worthiest Roman this day living.  
You may, good Curius, to the general  
Make all things seem the best.

*Cur.* I shall endeavour,  
Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen; if we fall,  
This one farewell serves for a funeral.  
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts!

*Reg.* We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts.  
[*Exeunt.*

*In the Roman Camp.*

*Petillius and Demetrius meeting.*

*Pet.* How now, Demetrius? are we drawn?

*Dem.* 'Tis doing;  
Your company stands fair. But pray you, where's  
Junius?

Half his command are wanting, with some forty  
That Decius leads.

*Pet.* Hunting for victuals;  
Upon my life, free-booting rogues! their stomachs  
Are like a miser's purse, ne'er satisfied.

*Dem.* I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the  
enemy

Master of all the country.

*Pet.* Resolute hungers  
Know neither fears nor faiths.

*Dem.* They may be hang'd tho'.

*Pet.* There's their joyful supper;  
And no doubt they are at it.

*Dem.* But, for Heaven's sake,  
How does young Junius?

*Pet.* Drawing on, poor gentleman.

*Dem.* What, to his end?

*Pet.* To the end of all flesh, woman.

*Dem.* This love has made him a stout soldier.

*Pet.* Oh, a great one,  
Fit to command young goslings. But what news?

*Dem.* I think the messenger's come back from Penius  
By this time; let's go know.

*Pet.* What will you say now  
If he deny to come, and take exceptions  
At some half syllable, or sound deliver'd  
With an ill accent, or some stile left out?

*Dem.* I cannot think he dare.

*Pet.* He dare speak treason;  
But that's all one: I'll lay you my black armour  
To twenty crowns, he comes not.

*Dem.* Done.

*Pet.* You'll pay?

*Dem.* I will.

*Pet.* Then, keep thine old use, Penius!  
Be stubborn and vainglorious, and I thank thee.

Come,



Come, let's go pray for six hours; most of us  
I fear will trouble Heav'n no more: Two good blows  
Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,  
And my part's done.

*Dem.* I do not think of dying.

*Pet.* 'Tis possible we may live; but, Demetrius,  
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noses,  
Let carpenters and copper-smiths consider.

*Dem.* Come, let's have better thoughts; mine's on  
your armour.

*Pet.* Mine's in your purse, Sir; let's go try the  
wager! [*Exeunt.*

*British camp.*

*Enter Judas and his four companions (balters about  
their necks), and Nennius following.*

*Nen.* Come, hang 'em presently. What made  
your rogueships  
Prowling for victuals here? are we your friends?  
Or do you come for spies? Tell me directly,  
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? Don't ye  
long for't?

*Judas.* What say ye? shall we hang in this vein?  
Hang we must,  
And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily;  
Then pleasantly be't:  
Captain, the truth is, we had as lieve hang  
With meat in our mouths, as ask your pardon empty.

*Nen.* These are brave hungers.  
What say you to a leg of beef now, firrah?

*Judas.* Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.

*Enter Caratach.*

*Car.* Now, what's the matter?  
What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,  
That they wear necklaces?

*Nen.* They're Roman rogues,  
Taken a-foraging.

*Car.*

*Car.* Is that all, Nennius?

*Judas.* 'Would I were fairly hang'd! This is the devil,  
The kill-cow Caratach.

*Car.* And you would hang 'em?

*Nen.* Are they not enemies?

*Car.* Enemies? flea-traps!

Pluck off your halters, fellows.

*Nen.* Take heed, Caratach;  
Taint not your wisdom.

*Car.* Wisdom, Nennius?

Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,  
And give a glorious day into our hands,  
If we dispatch our foes thus? What's their offence?  
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger?  
Do these deserve the gallows? They are hungry,  
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starv'd:  
Art thou not hungry?

*Judas.* Monstrous hungry.

*Car.* He looks

Like Hunger's self. Get 'em some victuals  
And wine, to cheer their hearts; quick!—Hang up  
poor pilchers?

*Nen.* Caratach,  
I'll leave you to your will.

*Car.* I'll answer all, Sir.

*Enter Hengo.*

Sit down, poor knaves!—Why, where's this wine  
and victuals?

Who waits there?

*Hengo.* Who are these, uncle?

*Car.* They are Romans, boy.

*Hengo.* Are these they

That vex mine aunt so? can these fight? they look  
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in 'em;  
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards:  
Why, I dare fight with these.

*Car.* That's my good chicken!—  
And how d'ye? how d'ye feel your stomachs?

*Judas.*

*Judas.* Wondrous apt, Sir;  
As shall appear when time calls.

[*Victuals brought in.*]

*Car.* That's well; down with't!  
A little grace will serve your turns. Eat softly!  
You'll choke, ye knaves, else. Give 'em wine!

*Judas.* Not yet, Sir;  
We're even a little busy.

*Hengo.* Can that fellow  
Do any thing but eat? Thou fellow!

*Judas.* Away, boy,  
Away! this is no boy's play.

*Hengo.* By Heaven, uncle,  
If valour lie i'th' teeth, he's the most valiant.

*Car.* I am glad to hear you talk, Sir.

*Hengo.* Good uncle, tell me,  
What's the price of a couple of cramm'd Romans?

*Car.* Some twenty Britons, boy; these are good  
soldiers.

*Hengo.* Do not the cowards eat hard too?

*Car.* No more, boy.—  
More meat, I say! Upon my conscience,  
The poor rogues have not eat this month! how terribly  
They charge upon their victuals! Dare ye fight thus?

*Judas.* Believe it, Sir, like devils.

*Car.* Well said, Famine!  
Here's to thy general.  
*Judas.* Most excellent captain,  
I will now pledge thee.

*Car.* And tomorrow-night, say to him,  
His head is mine.

*Judas.* I can assure you, captain,  
He will not give it for this washing.

*Car.* Well said!  
Fill 'em more wine; give 'em full bowls.—Which  
of you all now, [All drink.  
In recompense of this good, dare but give me  
A sound knock in the battle?

*Judas.* Delicate captain,  
To do thee a sufficient recompence,

I'll knock thy brains out.

*Car.* Do it.

*Hengo.* Thou dar'st as well be hang'd, thou skin of man!

An only eating rogue! kill my sweet uncle?

Oh, that I were a man!

*Judas.* By this wine, which I  
Will drink to captain Junius, who loves  
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daughter  
Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I'll do it.

*Hengo.* Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.

*Car.* No more, boy! He shall not.

I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows!

Let's see you sweat

Tomorrow blood and spirit, boys; this wine

Turn'd to stern valour.

*Judas* [*rising*]. Captain, we thank you heartily  
For your good cheer; and if we meet tomorrow,  
One of us pays for't.

*Car.* Get 'em guides; their wine  
Has over-master'd 'em.

*Enter a Servant.*

Go, guide 'em, and see 'em fairly onward.

*Judas.* Meaning me, Sir?

*Serv.* The same.

The youngest daughter to the queen entreats you  
To give this privately to captain Junius;  
This for your pains!

*Judas.* I rest her humble servant;  
Commend me to thy lady. Keep your files, boys.

*Serv.* I must instruct you further.

*Judas.* Keep your files there!  
Order, sweet friends; faces about now.

*Serv.* Here, Sir;

Here lies your way.

*Judas.* Bless the founders, I say!  
Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now; close, boys!

[*Exeunt.*  
*Roman*



*Roman Camp.*

*Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Decius, and Macer.*

*Suet.* Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,  
And so be safe? not come, because commanded?  
Was it not thus?

*Macer.* It was, Sir.

*Suet.* *Must come* so heinous to him, so distasteful?

*Macer.* Sir,

The regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,  
The captains at all points steel'd up; when Penius  
Stept like a stormy cloud 'twixt them and hopes.

*Suet.* And stopt their resolutions?

*Macer.* True.

*Suet.* Well, Penius,

I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous  
I dare not think; th' hast lopt a limb off from me;  
Yet, ere the sun set, thou'lt too late repent this.  
That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,  
Distributed amongst the soldiers,  
To make 'em high and lusty; when that's done,  
Petillius, give the word thro', that the eagles  
May presently advance. No man discover,  
Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,  
But make it of no value. Decius,  
Are your starv'd people yet come home?

*Dec.* I hope so.

*Suet.* Keep 'em in more obedience: This is no time  
To chide; I could be angry else, and say more to you;  
But come, let's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,  
And valour equal to his sword this day,  
Shall be my faint.

*Pet.* We shall be holy all then.  
Give me my money.

[*To Demetrius.*

*Dem.* I confess 'tis due, Sir,  
And presently I'll pay it.

[*Exeunt.*

*Manet Decius. Enter Judas and his company.*

*Judas.* Captain! captain! I've brought 'em off again;  
The drunkenest slaves!

*Dec.* Plague confound your rogueships!  
I'll call the general, and have ye hang'd all.  
For you, sirrah, that are the ringleader  
To these devices, whose maw is never cramm'd,  
I'll have an engine——

*Judas.* Captain, good words, fair words,  
Sweet words, good captain: If you like not us,  
Farewell! we have employment.

*Dec.* Where hast thou been?

*Judas.* There where you dare not be, with all your  
valour.

*Dec.* Where's that?

*Judas.* With the best good fellow living;  
The king of all good fellows.

*Dec.* Who's that?

*Judas.* Caratach.

Do you as much now, an you dare. Sweet Caratach!  
You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;  
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach! Besides the drink,  
captain,

The bravest running banquet of black puddings,  
Pieces of glorious beef——

*Dec.* How scap'd ye hanging?

*Judas.* Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen;  
And I say still, old Caratach!

*Dec.* Belike then,  
You are turn'd rebels all.

*Judas.* We're Roman boys all,  
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,  
This day, this very day——

*Dec.* What must you do, Sir?

*Judas.* I must do that my heart-strings yern to do;  
But my word's past.

*Dec.* What is it?

*Judas.* Why, kill Caratach.

That's

That's all he ask'd us for our entertainment.

*Dec.* More than you'll pay.

*Judas.* 'Would I had sold myself  
Unto the skin I had not promis'd it!  
For such another Caratach——

*Dec.* Come, fool,  
Have you done your country service?

*Judas.* I've brought that  
To captain Junius——

*Dec.* How!

*Judas.* I think will do all;  
I cannot tell; I think so.

*Dec.* How! to Junius?  
I'll more enquire of this. You'll fight now?

*Judas.* But, hark you, captain! there is wine  
distributing;

I would fain know what share I have.

*Dec.* Be gone;  
You have too much.

*Judas.* Captain, no wine, no fighting:  
There's one call'd Caratach that has wine.

*Dec.* You shall have wine, or any thing. Go file;  
Up with your men; I'll meet you presently;  
And get 'em sober quickly. [Exit.

*Judas.* Arm, arm, bullies!  
All's right again and straight; and, which is more,  
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis!  
Be sober and discreet; we've much to do, boys.

[Exeunt.

## A C T III.

*Roman camp.**Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.**Decius.*

**W**E dare not hazard it; beside our lives,  
It forfeits all our understandings.

*Jun.* Gentlemen,

Can ye forsake me in so just a service,  
A service for the commonwealth, for honour?  
Read but the letter; you may love too.

*Dec.* Read it.

If there be any safety in the circumstance,  
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you:  
Read it, good Curius.

*Cur.* Willingly.*Jun.* Now mark it.

*Cur.* [*reading.*] "Health to thy heart, my honour'd  
Junius,

"And all thy love requited! I am thine,

"Thine everlastingly; thy love has won me;

"For I have purpos'd a delivery

"Both of myself and fortune this blest day

"Into thy hands, if thou think'st good. To shew thee

"How infinite my love is, ev'n my mother

"Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard.

"Bring with thee, Junius,

"Spirits resolv'd to fetch me off. Just at the joining

"Of both the battles, we will be weakly guarded;

"And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach thee

"A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,

"Keep thee, and me to serve thee! Young Bonvica."

*Cur.*



*Cur.* This letter carries much belief.

*Dec.* Is that fellow

Come to you for a guide yet?

*Jun.* Yes.

*Dec.* And examin'd?

*Jun.* Far more than that; he has felt tortures, yet  
He vows he knows no more than this truth.

*Cur.* If she mean

What she writes, as it may be probable,  
'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

*Jun.* I'll pawn my soul she means truth.

*Dec.* Think an hour more;

Then if your confidence grow stronger on you,  
We'll set in with you.

*Jun.* Nobly done! I thank ye.

Ye know the time.

*Cur.* We will be either ready

To give you present counsel, or join with you.

*Jun.* No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general!

*To them enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Macer.*

*Suet.* Draw out apace; the enemy waits for us.

Are ye all ready?

*Jun.* All our troops attend, Sir.

*Suet.* I'm glad to hear you say so, Junius;  
I hope you're dispossest'd.

*Jun.* I hope so too, Sir.

*Suet.* Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now!  
Go on in full assurance! draw your swords

As daring and as confident as Justice!

The Gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,  
Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, where the snow  
dwells,

And blows to all the under-world, all nations,  
The seas and unfrequented desarts; wakens  
The ruin'd monuments; and there where nothing  
But eternal Death and Sleep is, informs again  
The dead bones with your virtues. Fight and  
conquer!

Up

Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;  
March close and sudden, like a tempest: [*March.*

Keep your phalanx,  
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,  
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won.

[*Exeunt.*

*A Druid Temple.*

*Musick. Enter in solemnity the Druids singing; then Bonduca, Daughters, Caratach, Nennius, and others.*

S O N G.

Hear us, great Ruguith, hear our prayers!  
Defend, defend thy British isle,  
Revive our hopes, disperse our fears,  
Nor let thy altars be the Roman spoil!  
Descend, ye pow'rs divine, descend  
In chariots of etherial flame,  
And touch the altars you defend!  
Oh, save our nation and our name!  
Hear us, ye Gods of Britain, hear us this day:  
Let us not fall the Roman Eagle's prey!  
Clip, clip their wings, or chase them home,  
And check the tow'ring pride of Rome!

*Bond.* Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers!  
Rise from the dust, ye relicks of the dead,  
Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing;  
Oh, rise, ye valiant bones! let not base earth  
Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome  
Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories!

1 *Daugh.* Thou great Tiranes, whom our sacred  
priests,  
Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high  
Above the rest of the immortal gods,  
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,  
And shoot 'em home; stick in each Roman heart  
A fear fit for confusion; blast their spirits;  
Dwell in 'em to destruction; thro' their phalanx  
Strike,

Strike, as thou strik'st a proud tree!

*2 Daugh.* Oh, thou god,  
Thou feared god, if ever to thy justice  
Insulting wrongs, and ravishments of women;  
With virgin incense, have access, now hear me!  
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these Romans  
Revenge thyself; take to thy killing anger,  
An utter rooting from this blessed isle  
Of what Rome is or has been! Can ye be gods,  
And these fins smother'd?

*Car.* Cease your fretful prayers,  
Your whinings, and your tame petitions!  
The gods love courage: Hear how I salute 'em:  
Divine Andate, thou who holdst the reins  
Of furious battles, and disorder'd war,  
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,  
Good blows o' both sides; steel us both with angers  
And warlike executions fit thy viewing;  
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,  
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,  
Meet her as strong as she! And who does best,  
Reward with honour; who Despair makes fly,  
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!  
Grant this, divine Andate! 'tis but justice:  
And my first blow thus on thy holy altar  
I sacrifice unto thee.

[A flame arises.

*Bon.* It flames out.

[Musick.

*Car.* Now sing, ye Druids.

## D U E T.

To arms, to arms! your ensigns strait display:  
Now, now, now, set the battle in array.

The oracle for war declares;  
Success depends upon our hearts and spears.

## C H O R U S.

Britons, strike home! Revenge your country's  
wrongs:

Fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs! [*Exe.*  
*Champain*

*Champaign Country.**Enter Caratach and Nennius. [A march.**Nen.* The Roman is advanc'd; from yond' hill's brow

We may behold him, Caratach.

*Car.* Let's thither. [*Drums within at one place afar off.*  
Suetonius is a soldier. See how bravely  
The body moves, and in the head how proudly  
The captains stick like plumes; he comes apace on.  
Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant  
Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em,  
And, as he charges, open to inclose 'em;  
The queen move next with hers, and wheel about,  
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the vanguard!  
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by't.  
Haste thee, good Nennius! I hear our musick,[*Exit Nennius. Drums in another place afar off.*  
And must attend it. Hold, good sword, but this day,  
And bite hard where I hound thee! and hereafter  
I'll make a relick of thee, for young soldiers  
To come like pilgrims to, and kifs for conquests.[*Exit.**Alarms. Enter the Two Daughters, with Junius, Curius,  
Decius, Soldiers, and Servants.**2 Daugh.* Bring 'em in;  
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.*1 Daugh.* Valiant Romans,  
Ye're welcome to your loves!*2 Daugh.* Your death, fools!*Dec.* We deserve 'em;  
And, women, do your worst!*Enter Caratach.**Car.* Where,  
Where are these ladies? Ye keep noble quarter!  
Your mother thinks you taken.—Sure these faces  
I have



I have beheld and known; they're Roman leaders!  
How came they here?

2 *Daugh.* A trick, Sir, that we us'd;  
A certain policy conducted 'em  
Unto our snare.

*Car.* Taken by treachery?  
Catch'd up by craft?

2 *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.

*Car.* A woman's wisdom in our triumphs? Out!  
Out, out, ye follies! From our swords  
Filch our revenges basely?—Arm again, gentlemen!  
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.

2 *Daugh.* By Heaven, Uncle,  
We will have vengeance!

*Car.* He that stirs to execute,  
Or she, tho' it be yourselves,  
Shall feel mine anger! One great day given us,  
And must we shame the gods from whence we have it,  
With setting snares for soldiers?  
Give 'em their swords.

2 *Daugh.* Oh, Gods!

*Car.* Bear off the women  
Unto their mother!—Learn to spin, [*Exe. Daughters.*  
And curse your knotted hemp!—Go, gentlemen,  
Safely go off, up to your troops; be wiser:  
There thank me like tall soldiers; I shall seek ye.  
[*Exit.*

*Cur.* A noble worth!

*Dec.* Well, Junius?

*Jun.* Pray ye, no more!

*Cur.* He blushes; do not load him.

*Dec.* Where's your love now?

*Jun.* Puff! there it flies. Come, let's redeem our  
follies.

But see there, Curius, see, [*Drums loud again.*  
See that huge battle moving from the mountains!  
Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march  
Like a rough tumbling storm; say they fail, look,  
Look where the armed carts stand; a new army!

E

Look

Look how they hang like falling rocks! As murdering  
 Death rides in triumph, Curius, fell Destruction  
 Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him  
 His many thousand ways to let out souls.  
 Let us to where they charge, and where the mountains  
 Melt under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees  
 Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em!  
 Come on! charge! follow me! [*Exeunt. Alarm.*]

*Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Macer.*

*Suet.* Oh, bravely fought!

Honour till now ne'er shew'd her golden face  
 I'th' field: Like lions, gentlemen, you've held  
 Your heads up this day. Where's young Junius,  
 Curius, and Decius!

*Pet.* Gone to Heav'n, I think, Sir.

*Suet.* Their worths go with 'em! Breathe a while.  
 How do ye?

*Pet.* Well; some few scurvy wounds; my heart's  
 whole yet.

*Enter Junius, Decius, and Curius.*

*Jun.* Lead up to th' head, and line sure! The  
 queen's battle

Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general?

*Suet.* Oh, they are living yet. Come, my brave  
 soldiers,

Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.

*Jun.* Best;

We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

*Dec.* More wounds, more honour.

*Pet.* Lose no time. We'll grow to't.

Is not this better now than lowly loving?

*Jun.* I am myself, Petillius.

*Pet.* 'Tis I love thee.

*Suet.* Away then!

And stand this shock, ye've stood the world. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarm*

*Alarm. Enter Bonduca, Daughters, and Britons.*

*Bond.* Shame ! whither fly ye, Britons ? Back, ye cowards !

Leave your queen desolate ? her hapless children

*Enter Caratach and Hengo.*

To Roman rape again, and fury ?

*Car.* Charge 'em i'th' flank !—Oh, you have play'd the fool,

The woman fool ! Why did you give the word  
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people,  
In grofs before the enemy ? We pay for't ;  
Our own swords cut our throats ! Get thee gone,  
woman !

Shame tread upon thy heels ! All's lost, all's lost !

*[Loud shout within.]*

Hark how the Romans ring our knells !

*Bond.* Nay, cousin !

*Car.* Woman, away ! Shame tread upon thy heels !

*[Exeunt Bond. &c.]*

*Hengo.* Good uncle,  
Let me go too.

*Car.* No, boy ; thy fortune's mine ;  
I must not leave thee. Get behind me ; shake not !  
Thou might'st have been the heir to Britain's crown.  
Oh, woman ! oh, Bonduca ! what fell curses  
This day belong to thy improvidence !  
To Britain, by thy means, what sad millions  
Of widows' weeping eyes ! The strong man's valour  
Thou hast betray'd to fury, the child's fortune  
To fear, and want of friends ; whose pieties  
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows  
A house of rest by his blest'd ancestors :  
The land th' hast left a wilderness of wretches.—  
We must be gone, my boy ; but Heav'n knows where ;  
For Britain now submits to Roman pow'rs,  
And nothing but our lengths of earth are ours.

*[Exeunt.]*

## A C T IV.

*Roman Camp.**Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, and Demetrius.**Petillius.*

O H, my vex'd thief, art thou come home again?  
Are thy brains perfect?

*Jun.* Sound as bells,

Dead to all folly, and now my anger only——

*Pet.* Why, that's well said; hang Cupid and his quiver!

When thou lov'st next, love a good cup of wine,  
A mistress for a king!

*Jun.* I am counsel'd;

The war shall be my mistress now.

*Pet.* Well chosen!

For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at night, boy,  
And break thy pate i' th' morning. She'll hold  
grappling,

And he that lays on best is her best servant;

All other loves are mere trim laziness.

Here comes the general.

*Enter Suetonius, Curius, and Mater.**Suet.* I'm glad I've found ye.

Haste, good Petillius, haste to Penius:

I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace

H' has pull'd upon himself, will be his ruin;

I would not lose him for all Britain,

Give him, Petillius, all the noblest counsel,

His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour;

And



And tell the foldier, 'twas on our command  
He drew not to the battle.

*Pet.* I conceive, Sir,  
And will do that shall cure all.

*Suet.* Bring him with you  
Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him :  
Make haste !

*Pet.* The best I may. [Exit.]

*Suet.* And, noble gentlemen,  
Up to your companies ! we'll presently  
Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing done  
'Till she be seiz'd ; without her, nothing won.  
[Exeunt. Short flourish.]

*The Tent of Penius.*

*Enter Penius, Drusius, and Petillius.*

*Pen.* Pray ye forsake me ;  
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours !

*Pet.* Sure his mind's dangerous.

*Drus.* The good gods cure it !

*Pen.* My honour got thro' fire, thro' stubborn  
breaches,  
Thro' Death himself, in all his horrid trims,  
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen !  
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill me ;  
Cut out the coward from my heart !

*Pet.* You are none.

*Pen.* He lies that says so ! by Heaven, he lies,  
lies basely,

Basely than I have done ! Come, Justice, seek me ;  
I've broke my fair obedience ! last, Shame take me,  
Shame, endless Shame ! and pray do you forsake me !

*Drus.* What shall we do ?

*Pen.* Good gentlemen, forsake me !  
See me and understand me : This is he,  
The gallant Penius that forsook the battle ;  
This is the brave *wife* Penius ; this is he

Shrunk

Shrunk in his politick head, when Rome, like reapers,  
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,  
And bound it up, and brought it off; that soldier,  
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,  
Yet durst doubt and be damn'd!

*Pet.* It was an error.

*Pen.* A foul one, and a black one.

*Pet.* Yet the blackest

May be wash'd white again. The general——

*Pen.* He's a brave gentleman,  
A valiant, and a loving; but examples  
That nourish disobedience in whole armies,  
Must not be play'd withal;  
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

*Pet.* What would you do?

*Pen.* Die.

*Pet.* Fy, great captain! you  
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives  
Under your regiment, and let your passion  
Betray your reason? I bring you all forgiveness,  
The noblest kind commends, your place, your  
honour——

*Pen.* Prithee no more; 'tis foolish. Good Petillius,  
Tell me no more I may live.

*Pet.* 'Twas my commission.

*Pen.* Farewell, captain!

Be a good man, and fight well; be obedient;  
Command thyself, and then thy men.

*Pet.* Brave captain,  
The great and honour'd Penius!

*Pen.* That again!

Oh, how it heightens me! again, Petillius!

*Pet.* Most excellent commander!

*Pen.* Those were mine,  
Mine, only mine!

*Pet.* They are still.

*Pen.* Then, to keep 'em  
From ever falling more, have at ye! Heavens,  
Ye everlasting powers, I'm yours! [*Stabs himself.*  
Carry

Carry my last words  
 To the great gen'ral: Kiss his hands, and say,  
 My soul I give to Heav'n, my fault to justice,  
 Which I have done upon myself; my virtue,  
 If ever there was any in poor Penius,  
 Made more, and happier, light on him! (I faint)  
 And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.  
 I die: Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth! [*Dies.*  
*Pet.* Farewell, great Penius! [*Noise within.*

*Enter Regulus, with Soldiers.*

*Reg.* Good foldiers, honest foldiers—

*Pet.* Oh, let 'em in; all's done, all's ended,  
*Regulus;*

Penius has found his last eclipse. Come, soldiers,  
 Come, and behold your miseries; come sadly!  
 Who shall now lead ye fortunate? coy'd and courted  
 By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel,  
 Quick-ey'd experience, and victory twin'd to him?  
 Go home, and hang your arms up? let rust rot 'em;  
 And humble your stern valours to soft prayers?  
 The sun that warm'd your bloods is set for ever.—  
 I'll kiss thy honour'd cheek. Farewell, great Penius,  
 Thou thunder-bolt, farewell!—Take up the body:  
 Tomorrow mourning to the camp convey it,  
 There to receive due ceremonies. That eye  
 That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.  
 [*Exeunt with a dead march.*

*Open Country. Enter Caratach and Hengo.*

*Car.* How does my boy?

*Hengo.* I would do well; my heart's well;  
 I do not fear.

*Car.* My good boy!

*Hengo.* I know, uncle,  
 We must all die; my little brother died,  
 I saw him die, and he died smiling; sure  
 There's no great pain in't, uncle. But pray tell me,  
 Whither must we go when we're dead?

*Car.*

*Car.* Why, to the blessed't place, boy—Ever-  
sweetness

And happiness dwell there.

*Hengo.* Will you come to me?

*Car.* Yes, my sweet boy.

*Hengo.* No Romans, uncle?

*Car.* No, boy.

*Hengo.* I should be loth to meet them there.

*Car.* No ill men,

That live by violence, and strong oppression,  
Come thither; 'tis for those the gods love, good men.

*Hengo.* Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely  
I am persuaded they love me: I never  
Blasphem'd 'em, uncle, nor transgress'd my parents;  
I always said my prayers.

*Car.* That's my good boy!

Art thou not weary, Hengo?

*Hengo.* Weary, uncle?

I've heard you say you've march'd all day in armour.

*Car.* I have, boy. Thou art too tender.

*Hengo.* To go upon my legs? they were made to  
bear me.

I can play twenty mile a-day; I see no reason,  
But, to preserve my country and myself,  
I should march forty.

*Car.* What wouldst thou be, living  
To wear a man's strength!

*Hengo.* Why, a Caratach,  
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven  
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom.

Hark,

[*Drum.*

Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

*Enter Judas and his people to the door.*

*Judas.* Beat softly,

Softly, I say; they're here. Who dare charge?

*1 Sold.* He

That dares be knock'd o' th' head: I'll not come  
near him.

*Judas.*



*Judas.* Retire again, and watch then. How he stares!

H' has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well;  
If we could take or kill him—A pox on ye,  
How fierce ye look! See, how he broods the boy!  
The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say!  
Apace! apace! h' as found us. [*They retire.*]

*Car.* Do ye hunt us?

*Hengo.* Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starv'd rascal,

The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets:  
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him!

*Car.* Do ye make us foxes?

Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place,  
boy!

I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.

Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels! [*Exit.*]

*Hengo.* Now he pays 'em;

Oh, that I had a man's strength!

*Enter Judas, &c.*

*Judas.* Here's the boy;

Mine own, I thank my fortune.

*Hengo.* Uncle, uncle!

Famine is fall'n upon me, uncle.

*Judas.* Come, Sir,

Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing)

I'll tickle your young tail else.

*Hengo.* I defy thee,

Thou mock-made man of mat! Charge home, firrah!

Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'st!

*Judas.* Upon my conscience,

The boy will beat me!—Yield, or I cut thy head off.

*Hengo.* Thou dar'st not cut my finger: here 'tis;  
touch it.

*Judas.* The boy speaks sword and buckler!—Prithee  
yield, boy;

Come, here's an apple, yield.

*Hengo.* By Heav'n, he fears me!

F

I'll

I'll give you sharper language : When, ye coward,  
 When come ye up? I've twenty ways to charge thee.  
*Judas.* Sure 'tis the devil, a dwarf devil in a  
 doublet!

*Enter two Soldiers running.*

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee! he kills us.

2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes!

*Judas.* The devil take the hindmost!

[*Exeunt Judas, &c.*

*Hengo.* Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues,  
 ye rank rogues!

A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes! that's he, boys!  
 What a brave cry they make!

*Enter Caratach, with a Roman's sword.*

*Car.* How does my chicken?

*Hengo.* 'Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great  
 soldier;

For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,  
 And a strange fighting face I put upon't,  
 I've out-brav'd Hunger.

*Car.* That's my boy, my sweet boy!  
 Here, here's a Roman's sword for thee.

*Hengo.* Good provision!  
 Before I starve, my sharp-edg'd blade of Rome,  
 I'll try your metal.

*Car.* A right complete soldier!  
 Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of rest;  
 Thou wilt not else be able to endure  
 The journey to my country. Fruits and water  
 Must be your food a while, boy.

*Hengo.* Any thing;  
 I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,  
 To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.

*Car.* I warrant thee; come cheerfully.

*Hengo.* And boldly!

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

## A C T V.

*A wood.**Caratach, Hengo by him sleeping.**Caratach.*

**T**HUS we afflicted Britons fly for safeties,  
And to avoid our dangers, seek destructions;  
Thus we awake to sorrows.

The boy begins to stir; thy safety made,  
'Would my soul were in Heav'n!

*Hengo.* Oh, noble uncle,  
Look out! I dream'd we were betray'd.

*Car.* No harm, boy. [*A soft dead march within.*]

*Hengo.* What are those,  
(Look, uncle, look!) those multitudes that march there?  
They come upon us stealing by.

*Car.* I see 'em;  
And prithee be not fearful.

*Hengo.* Now you hate me:  
'Would I were dead!

*Car.* Thou know'st I love thee dearly.

*Hengo.* Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle? Were I a man  
now,  
I should be angry with you.

*Enter Drusus, Regulus, and Soldiers, with Penius's  
bearse; drums and colours.*

*Car.* My sweet chicken!—  
See, they approach us; and, as it seems, they bear  
Some soldier's body; by their solemn gestures,  
And sad solemnities, it well appears too  
To be of eminence. We are perhaps unknown,  
And may enquire.—Most worthy soldiers,  
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me

F 2

What

What noble body that is which you bear  
 With such a sad and ceremonious grief,  
 As if ye meant to wooe the world and Nature  
 To be in love with death?

*Druf.* It is the body  
 Of the great captain Penius, by himself  
 Made cold and spiritless.

*Car.* Penius, that generous foe? Oh, stay, ye  
 Romans!

The name of Penius is most dear to me,  
 To me his memory for ever sacred.  
 Stay, I conjure you, for a moment stay!  
 By the religion which ye owe those gods  
 That lead ye on to victories!

*Druf.* Stay.—

What's thy will, Briton?

*Car.* But set down the body,  
 The body of the noblest of all Romans;  
 That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,  
 (A noble enemy, that loves a foldier)  
 And lend a tear to Virtue! Ev'n your foes,  
 Your wild foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd  
 With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,  
 Tho' sometimes stubborn, yet, when Virtue dies,  
 Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers:  
 Oh, set it down!

*Druf.* Set down the body, soldiers.

*Car.* Thou hallow'd relick, thou rich diamond  
 Cut with thine own dust; thou for whose wide fame  
 The world appears too narrow; thus I bow  
 To thy most honour'd ashes! Tho' an enemy,  
 Yet friend to all thy worths, sleep peaceably!  
 Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth  
 Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,  
 And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!  
 Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,  
 And honest arms adieu! All noble battles,  
 Maintain'd in thirst of honour, not of blood,  
 Farewell for ever!

*Hengo.* Was this Roman, uncle,



So good a man?

*Car.* Thou never knew'st thy father,

*Hengo.* He died 'fore I was born.

*Car.* This worthy Roman

Was such another piece of endless honour,  
Such a brave soul dwelt in him; their proportions  
And faces were not much unlike, boy. Excellent  
nature!

See how it works into his eyes! mine own boy!

*Hengo.* The multitudes of these men, and their  
fortunes,

Could never make me fear yet; one man's goodness—

*Car.* Oh, now thou pleatest me; weep still, my child,  
As if thou saw'st me dead! with such a flux  
Or flood of sorrow, still thou pleatest me.

And, worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,  
These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much  
To place 'em on his hearse. Now, if ye please,  
Bear off the noble burden;  
And ever-loved, ever-living be  
Thy honour'd and most sacred memory!

[*Exeunt. A dead march.*]

*Car.* Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

*Hengo.* Are they all gone?

I could have wept this hour yet.

*Car.* Come, take cheer,  
And raise thy spirit, child; if but this day  
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming  
I'll fashion our escape.

*Hengo.* Pray fear not me;  
Indeed I'm very hearty.

*Car.* Be so still;  
His mischiefs lessen, that controuls his ill. [*Exeunt.*]

*The Queen's Fort.*

*Enter Suetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, and  
Soldiers: Bonduca, two Daughters, and Nennius above.  
Drum and colours.*

*Suet.* Bring up the catapults, and shake the wall;  
We

We will not be out-braved thus.

*Jun.* See, Sir,

See the Icenian queen in all her glory,  
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,  
As if she meant to give us lashes!

*Dec.* Yield, queen.

*Bond.* I'm unacquainted with that language,  
Roman.

Bring up your catapults, and shake the earth,  
You cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,  
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,  
Ye do but rock us into death.

*Suet.* Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our mercy;  
You cannot 'scape our strength; you must yield, lady;  
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.

*Bond.* If Rome be earthly, why should any knee  
With bending adoration worship her?  
She's vicious; and 'tis fitter I should reverence  
The thatched houses where the Britons dwell  
In careless mirth; where the bless'd household gods  
See nought but chaste and simple purity.

*Suet.* Beat the wall deeper!

*Bond.* Beat it to the centre,  
We will not sink one thought.

*2 Daugh.* Oh, mother, these are fearful hours;  
Speak gently

To these fierce men, they will afford ye pity.

*Bond.* Pity? thou fearful girl! Wouldst thou  
live less?

Wast not thou born a princess?

The lives of kings rest in their diadems,  
And ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.  
Shew such another fear, and, by the Gods,  
I'll fling thee to their fury.

*Suet.* Once more, mercy,  
Mercy to all that yield!

*Bond.* I scorn to answer:  
Speak to him, girl; and, weak one, hear thy sister.

*1 Daugh.* General,  
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me;

See

See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,  
 Into my soul, and see what there inhabits :  
 The children of as great as Rome, as noble,  
 Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,  
 Must we gild o'er your conquest? swell your  
 triumph?

No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to scape ye,  
 To make ye curse our patience.

We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune ;  
 In spite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work  
 A pitch above ye ; and from our height we'll stoop  
 As if we prey'd on heartless doves.

*Suet.* Decius, go charge the breach.

*[Exit Decius.]*

*Bond.* Charge it home, Roman !—  
 Bring up the swords, and poison.

*Enter one with swords and a great cup.*

Behold us, Romans !

*Suet.* Mercy yet,

Yield, and be a queen still, a mother, and a  
 friend.

*2 Daugh.* Mercy, mother !

*Bond.* Oh, gods ! fear in my family ?

Take it, and nobly.

*1 Daugh.* Take it, worthy sister ;

'Tis nothing ; 'tis a pleasure : We'll go with you.

*2 Daugh.* Oh, if I knew but whither !

*1 Daugh.* To the blessed.

*2 Daugh.* That steels me ;

A long farewell to this world ! *[Takes the cup.]*

*1 Daugh.* The next is mine. Would ye learn  
 How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off

This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever ?

Live as we have done, well, and fear the gods ;

So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die.

*Bond.* Spoke like my daughter !—Here, ye  
 wretched Romans,

Here is a draught would ask no less than Cæsar

To

To pledge it for the glory's sake!

*Suet.* Make up your own conditions.

Stay! Be any thing.

*Bond.* A saint, Suetonius,

When thou shalt fear, and die a slave. Ye fools,  
Ye should have tied up death first, when ye conquer'd;  
Ye toil for us in vain else: See him here;  
He's ours still, and our friend.—I feel the poison.

[*Drinks.*

Poor vanquish'd Romans, with what matchless tortures  
Could I now rack ye! But I pity ye;  
Nay, I will give ye counsel ere I die:  
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,  
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton soul.

[*Scene closes.*

*Suet.* Desperate and strange!

Are those come in yet, that pursued bold Caratach?

*Dem.* Not yet, Sir, for I think they mean to lodge  
him.

*Suet.* Draw out three companies,  
Yours, Curius, Junius, and thou, Demetrius,  
And make up instantly to Caratach;  
He's in the wood before you; we shall follow.

*Enter Decius.*

Well, Decius?

*Decius.* The fort is won, the Britons  
Taken or put to th' sword, the queen Bonduca  
And both her Daughters self-destroy'd by poison.

*Suet.* Hapless Bonduca! give her fair funeral;  
For she was truly noble, and a queen. [*Flourish. Exit.*

*Open Country. Macer and Petillius meeting.*

*Pet.* How now, Macer?

Is Judas yet come in?

*Enter Judas.*

*Macer.* Yes, and has lost  
Most of his men too. Here he is.

*Pet.*



*Pet.* What news?

*Judas.* I've lodg'd him; rouse him, he that dares!

*Pet.* Where, Judas?

*Judas.* On a steep rock i'th' woods; the boy too  
with him;

And there he swears he'll keep his Christmas,  
gentlemen,

But he will come away with full conditions,

Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part of us;

Yet I think we fought bravely: For mine own part,

I was four several times at half-sword with him;

He's a mere devil, and no man. I'th' end, he swing'd us,

And swing'd us soundly too: He fights by witchcraft;

Yet for all that I saw him lodg'd.

*Pet.* Take more men,

And scout him round. Macer, march you along.

What victuals has he?

*Judas.* Not a piece of biscuit,

Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor water.

They lie just like a brace of bear-whelps, close, and  
crafty;

Sucking their fingers for their food.

*Pet.* Cut off then

All hope of that way; take sufficient forces.

But use no foul play, on your lives! that man

That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.

*Macer.* He shall have fair play; he deserves it.

*Judas.* Hark ye!

What should I do there then? You are brave captains,

Most valiant men: Go up yourselves; use virtue;

See what will come on't; pray the gentleman

To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him;

I think ye've felt him too: There ye shall find him,

His sword by's side, plumbs of a pound weight by  
him,

Will make your chaps ache: You'll find it a more  
labour

To win him living, than climbing of a crow's nest.

*Pet.* Away, and compass him. We shall come up,

G

I'm

I'm sure within these two hours. Watch him close.

*Macer.* He shall flee through the air, if he escape us.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Scene changes, and discovers Caratach and Hengo on a rock.*

*Car.* Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all thou feed'st on!—

No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,  
To bring thee food? Poor knave, thou'rt sick, extreme sick,

Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodness  
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods  
Are double lin'd with soldiers; no way left us  
To make a noble 'scape. I'll forage for thee,  
And, 'gainst thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,  
Or lose my life i' th' purchase. Good Gods comfort  
thee! [*Disappears.*]

*Enter Macer and Judas, with meat and a bottle.*

*Macer.* Hang it o'th' side o'th' rock, as tho' the  
Britons

Stole hither to relieve him: Who first ventures  
To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.

*Judas.* He lies close in a hole above, I know it,  
Gnawing upon his anger. Ha! no; 'tis not he.

*Macer.* 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.

*Judas.* Pox shake 'em!

I'm sure they shake me soundly.—There!

*Macer.* 'Tis nothing.

*Judas.* Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly tempest  
Of huge stones falls upon's. 'Tis done! away, close!  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Caratach to Hengo on the rock.*

*Car.* Courage, my boy! I have found meat.

*Hengo.* Oh, uncle,

My head swims, uncle! methinks the rock goes round.

*Car.* 'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies;  
Thou shalt have meat anon. Look, look, my Hengo,  
Look

Look where some blessed Briton, to preserve thee,  
Has hung a little food and drink : Cheer up, boy ;  
Do not forsake me now !

*Hengo.* Uncle, I'm heart-whole, and would live.

*Car.* Thou shalt, long I hope.

*Hengo.* But my head, uncle !

*Enter Macer and Judas, below.*

Do not you hear the noise of bells ?

*Car.* Of bells, boy ? 'Tis thy fancy ;  
Alas, thy body's full of wind.

*Hengo.* Methinks, Sir,  
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation  
To some near funeral of state. Oh, uncle,  
I feel I cannot stay long ; yet I'll fetch it,  
To save your noble life. Nay, weep not, uncle,  
Mine own sweet uncle ! you will kill me sooner.

*Car.* Oh, my poor chicken !

*Hengo.* Fy, faint-hearted uncle !  
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

*Car.* I'll go myself, boy.

*Hengo.* No, as you love me, uncle !  
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it ;  
The danger only I desire ; pray tie me.

*Car.* I will, and all my care hang o'er thee ! Come,  
child,  
My valiant child !

*Hengo.* Let me down apace, uncle,  
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it  
From all their policies ; for 'tis most certain  
A Roman train : And you must hold me sure too,  
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,  
We'll be as merry —

*Car.* Go, i'rh' name of Heav'n, boy !

*Hengo.* Quick, quick, uncle ! I have it.—Oh !

*[Judas shoots Hengo with an arrow.]*

*Car.* What ail'st thou ?

*Hengo.* Oh, my best uncle, I am slain !

*Car.* I see you, *[Car. kills Judas with a stone.]*

And Heav'n direct my hand ! Destruction  
Go with thy coward soul !—How dost thou, boy ?—  
[*Draws him up.*]

*Hengo.* Oh, I bleed hard ; I faint too ; out upon't,  
How sick I am !—The lean rogue, uncle !

*Car.* Look, boy ;  
I've laid him sure enough.

*Hengo.* Have you knock'd his brains out ?

*Car.* I warrant thee for stirring more. Cheer up,  
child.

*Hengo.* Hold my sides hard ; still I grow sicker, uncle.

*Car.* Heaven look upon this noble child !

*Hengo.* I once hop'd  
I should have liv'd to have met these bloody Romans,  
To have beaten 'em. Oh, hold me hard ! But, uncle—

*Car.* Thou shalt live still I hope, boy. Shall I draw it ?

*Hengo.* You draw away my soul then ; I would live  
A little longer, (spare me, Heavens !) but only  
To thank you for your tender love ! Good uncle,  
Good noble uncle, weep not !

*Car.* Oh, my chicken,  
My dear boy, what shall I lose !

*Hengo.* Why, a child,  
That must have died however ; had this 'scap'd me,  
Fever, or famine—I was born to die, Sir.

*Car.* But thus unblown, my boy——

*Hengo.* I go the straighter  
My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know you  
When you come, uncle ?

*Car.* Yes, boy,

*Hengo.* And I hope  
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness  
You told me of.

*Car.* Most certain, child.

*Hengo.* I grow cold ;  
Mine eyes are going.

*Car.* Lift 'em up !

*Hengo.* Pray for me ;  
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,

I think



Think of your little nephew! Mercy!

*Car.* Mercy!

You blessed angels, take him!

*Hengo.* Kifs me! so.

Farewell, farewell!

[*Dies.*

*Car.* Farewell the hopes of Britain!

Thou royal graft, farewell for ever!—Time and Death,  
Ye've done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly  
Look what th'hast brought this land to. Oh, fair flower,  
How lovely yet thy ruins shew, how sweetly  
Ev'n Death embraces thee! The peace of Heav'n,  
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee!

*Enter Petillius and Junius on the rock.*

Ha! dare ye, Romans? Ye shall win me bravely.  
Come, come up all, with all your antient valours;  
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send 'em—

*Enter Suetonius, and all the Romans captains.*

*Suet.* Yield thee, bold Caratach! By all the gods,  
As I am foldier, as I envy thee,  
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.

*Car.* Oh, Romans, see what here is! Had this boy  
liv'd——

*Suet.* Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,  
That more to me than conquests, that true happiness,  
To be my friend! For Fame's sake, for thy sword's  
sake!

By all that's excellent in man, and honest——

*Car.* I do believe. Ye've had me a brave foe;  
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness,  
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in!

*Suet.* He shall have fitting funeral.

*Car.* I yield then;  
Not to your blows, but this last courtesy.

*Pet.* Thus we conduct then to the arms of Peace  
The wonder of the world! [*They bring him down.*

*Suet.* Thus I embrace thee; [*Flourish.*  
And let it be no flatt'ry that I tell thee,

Thou

Thou art the only soldier!

*Car.* How to thank ye,  
I must hereafter find upon your usage.  
I am for Rome?

*Suet.* You must.

*Car.* Then Rome shall know  
The firmness of a Briton's soul; shall know  
Britons can brave the chance of war: If Fortune  
Smile on their arms, they spare the vanquish'd foe;  
Vanquish'd themselves, in naked majesty,  
Like their own knotted oak by thunder blasted,  
Nobly they stand the tempest of their fate.—  
Now, Roman, I am thine: Set on! I follow.



T H E   E N D.

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